



## Gone



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### Chapter 1 by PigletPinkPancake

I sat there looking at all the boxes. Piling up too the roof of my room. They leaned over up on my bed. But they never fell, sadley. My room had been striped from it's bright colors upon the walls. My green flowers that hung on my bunk bed had been thrown out. My bedspread that filled the room with happiness was now packed away and I was stuck with a silly purple blanket that smelled like a musty old basement. My pink lanterns gone, my white shelves covered with old crayon marks gone, my soccer posters gone! GONE GONE GONE GONE! Everything was gone and I hated it!

I can't talk to mom about it... can I? And Dad doesn't understand this mushy gushy stuff. These thoughts whirled through my head, torturing me with worries.

"Charlotte please come down stairs for dinner. I made your favorite... Spaghetti and Meatballs with radish!". My mom would always make that whenever she knew that she wronged me or made me feel bad. Which was very rare.

"Mom how many times do I have to tell you!?!? Don't call me Charlotte! It's Charlie!" I sank down into the couch as she handed me my favorite meal. My mother is a beautiful woman.

Maybe too beautiful! She has short curly brown hair that falls in front of her face all the time. She is tall but not too tall. Just right. My mom doesn't wear makeup even though she doesn't need it. Her perfect skin should be covered up by those harsh creams.

"Your Father won't be home tonight! And the night before, and the night before, and the night before that, and the night before that!" I stared at my mom as she poured the

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creamy sauce onto the noodles.

"Why can't he be home?!?! WE'RE MOVING IN TWO DAYS FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!" I complained, as she put her napkin in her lap. I sat down at my chair and sunk into its warmth. This was probably going to be the last time that I get to sit in it so I'm going to make it count.

"Mom." I said slurping some of the noodles up.

"Yes dear" she said not looking up.

"Why do we have to move? There are plenty of art things here in town! Why, Mom, WHY?" I said with sharpness in my voice now.

"You know why and do not raise your town with me missy!"

"Yes mam..." I said now getting up from the table. I didn't want to eat anymore.

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